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Christiana and her children.

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THE
CHILD'S
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART SECOND.

CHRISTIANA AND HER CHILDREN.

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## P R E F A C E.

This little book, CHRISTIANA AND HER CHILDREN, has been prepared as a companion volume to "The Child's Pilgrim's Progress, Part First."

A mother leading her children through a sinful world up towards Mount Zion presents a picture of touching interest. Our great limner here shows it to us in hallowed light reflected from the word of God.

Christiana's companion MERCY, aiding and comforting her—and,

“unspotted from the world,” walking by her side along the Way of Salvation, is most beautiful in conception. As we gaze upon her thus,—in robes of white, treading the world beneath her feet, her face turned heavenward,—an angel visitant seems, un-ware, to steal upon our sight, and fix a dwelling place within our hearts.

S. D. W.

# CHRISTIANA AND HER CHILDREN.

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COURTEOUS COMPANIONS,

To tell my dream some time since, of Christian the Pilgrim, and of his dangerous journey towards the Celestial country, was pleasant to me, and I trust profitable to you. I told you then also concerning his wife and children, and how unwilling they were to go with him on pilgrimage; so that he was forced to go without them.

Now it hath so happened, that I have been much hindered and

kept back from my wonted travels, and could not, till now, make further inquiry after those he left behind. But, having had some concerns that way of late, I went down again thitherwards, and taking up my lodging in a wood about a mile off the place, as as I slept, I dreamed again.

And in my dream, behold, an aged gentleman came by where I lay; and methought I got up and went with him. So, as we walked, our talk happened to be about Christian and his travels.

Sir, said I, what town is that there below, that lieth on the left hand of our way?

Then said Mr. Sagacity, for that was his name, It is the city of

Destruction, a populous place, but possessed with a very ill-conditioned and idle sort of people.

I thought that was that city, quoth I: I went once through that town; and know something about it. Pray, sir, did you ever hear what happened to a man some time ago of this town, whose name was Christian, that went on a pilgrimage up towards the higher regions?

*Sag.* Hear of him! Aye, and I also heard of all he met with on his journey. Besides, I must tell you, our country rings of him; there are but few but have got the records of his pilgrimage. For though when here he was fool in every man's mouth, yet now he

is gone, he is highly commended. 'Tis said he lives bravely where he is : yea, many of them that are resolved never to run his hazards, have their mouths water at his gains.

They may, quoth I, well think, that he liveth well where he is ; for he now lives at, and in the Fountain of life. But, pray what talk have the people about him ?

*Sag.* Talk ! the people talk strangely about him : some say he now walks in white ; that he has a chain of gold about his neck ; that he has a crown of gold, set with pearls, upon his head : others say, that the shining ones, who sometimes showed themselves to him in his journey, are become



his companions. Besides, that the King of the place where he is has bestowed upon him a very rich and pleasant dwelling, and that He every day eateth and drinketh and walketh and talketh with him.

I am glad on't ; quoth I : I am glad for the poor man's sake, for that now he has rest from his labor. I also am glad that these things are noised abroad, for it may work a good effect on some left behind. But pray, sir, while it is fresh in my mind, do you hear any thing of his wife and children ?

*Sag.* Who ? Christiana and her sons ? They are like to do as well as Christian did himself ; for though at first they would not be

persuaded by tears or entreaties of Christian, yet on second thoughts they have packed up, and are gone after him.

Better and better, quoth I: but what, wife and children, and all?

*Sag.* It is true: I was upon the spot at the time and know the the whole affair. And as we are going some considerable way together, I will give an account of the matter.

This Christiana—for that was her name from the day that she with her children betook themselves to a pilgrim's life—after her husband was gone over the river, and she could hear of him no more, began to be in distress. First she had lost her husband:

this, therefore, did cost her many a tear. But this was not all ; for upon this came into her mind, by swarms, all her unkind, and ungodly treatment of her dear friend. She was, moreover, much broken with recalling to remembrance his tears, and self-bemoanings, and how she did harden her heart against his entreaties to go with him ; yea, there was not any thing that Christian either said, or did, while that heavy burden did hang on his back, but it returned like a flash of lightning, and rent her heart in sunder ; especially that bitter outcry of his, “ What shall I do to be saved ? ” did ring in her ears most dolefully.

Then said she to her children,

“Sons, we are all undone. I have sinned away your father, and he is gone: he would have had us with him, but I would not go myself: I also have hindered you of life.”

With that the boys fell into tears, and cried out to go after their father. “Oh,” said Christiana, “that it had been but our lot to go with him; then had it fared well with us beyond what it is like to do now.”

Then they all wept again, and cried out, in sorrow of heart.

The next night Christiana had a dream; and behold, she saw as if a broad parchment was opened in which were recorded the sins of her life; and her guilt as

she thought, looked very black upon her. Then she cried out aloud in her sleep, "Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner!" and the little children heard her.

After this she thought she saw two very ill-looking ones standing by her bedside, and saying,

"What shall we do to this woman, for she cries out for mercy, waking and sleeping? if she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her as we have lost her husband. Wherefore we must, by one way or other, seek to take her off from the thoughts of what shall be hereafter, else all the world cannot help but she will become a pilgrim."

Now she awoke trembling, but

after a while she fell asleep again. And then she thought she saw Christian, her husband, in a place of bliss with a harp in his hand, standing before One that sat on a throne with a rainbow about his head. She saw also, as if he bowed his head with his face to the paved work that was under his Prince's feet, saying, "I heartily thank my Lord and King for bringing me into this place."

Then shouted a company of them that stood round about, and harped with their harps; but no man living could tell what they said but Christian and his companions.

Next morning, when she was up, had prayed to God, and talked

with her children a while, one knocked hard at the door; to whom she spoke out, saying,

“If thou comest in God’s name, come in.

So he said, “Amen;” and opened the door, and saluted her with, “Peace be to this house.”

Which when he had done, he said, “Christiana, knowest thou wherefore I am come?”

Then she blushed and trembled; also her heart began to wax warm with desires to know from whence he came, and what was his errand to her.

So he said unto her, “My name is Secret; I dwell with those that are on high. It is talked of where I dwell as if thou hadst a desire

to go thither : also there is a report that thou art aware of the evil thou hast formerly done to thy husband, in hardening of thy heart against his way, and in keeping of these babes in their ignorance. Christiana, the Merciful One hath sent me to tell thee, that he is a God ready to forgive, and that he taketh delight to multiply the pardon of offences. He also would have thee to know, that he inviteth thee to come into his presence, to his table, and that he will feed thee with the fat of his house, and with the heritage of Jacob thy father.

“There is Christian, thy husband that was, with legions more, his companions, ever beholding





The Letter.



that face that doth minister life to beholders, and they will all be glad when they shall hear the sound of thy feet step over thy Father's threshold."

Christiana at this was greatly abashed in herself, and bowed her head to the ground.

This visitor proceeded, and said, "Christiana, here is also a letter for thee, which I have brought from thy husband's King."

So she took it, and opened it, but it smelt after the manner of the best perfume. Also it was written in letters of gold. The contents of the letter were these, That the King would have her to do as did Christian her husband ; for that was the way to come to

his city, and to dwell in his presence with joy for ever.

At this the good woman was quite overcome ; so she cried out to her visitor,

“ Sir, will you carry me and my children with you, that we also may go and worship the King ? ”

Then said the visitor,

“ Christiana, the bitter is before the sweet. Thou must pass through troubles, as did he that went before thee, to enter this Celestial city. Wherefore I advise thee to do as did Christian thy husband. Go to the Wicket-gate yonder, over the plain, for that stands at the head of the way, up which thou must go ; and I wish thee all good speed. Also I advise that thou

put this letter in thy bosom, that thou read therein to thyself and to thy children until you have got it by heart : for it is one of the songs which thou must sing while thou art in this house of thy pilgrimage. Also this thou must deliver in at the further gate."

Now I saw in my dream, that this old gentleman, as he told me the story, did himself seem to be greatly affected therewith. He moreover proceeded and said,

So Christiana called her sons together and told them all that was upon her mind, and of the desire that was in her heart.

"Come, my children," said she, "let us pack up, and be gone to the gate that leads to the Celestial

Country, that we may join your father, and his companions in that blessed land ”

Then did her children burst out into tears, for joy that the heart of their mother was so inclined. So their visitor bid them farewell ; and they began to prepare to set out upon their journey.

But while they were thus engaged, two women that were Christiana's neighbors knocked at her door. To whom she said,

“ If you come in God's name, come in.”

At this the women were stunned, for this kind of language used not to drop from the lips of Christiana. Yet they came in : and found her preparing to be gone.

So they began, and said,

“Neighbor, pray what is your meaning by this?”

Christiana answered, and said to the eldest, whose name was Mrs. Timorous,

“I am preparing for a journey.”

This Timorous was daughter to him that met Christian upon the hill of Difficulty, and would have him go back, for fear of the lions.

*Tim.* “For what journey, I pray you?”

*Chr.* “Even to go after my good husband.” And with that she fell a weeping.

Then Mrs. Timorous began to persuade Christiana against her journey, and told her of all sorts of danger that would befall her

and her children if she went. But it was to no purpose.

Then Timorous reviled her, and said to her fellow,

“Come, neighbor Mercy, let us leave her, since she scorns our counsel and company.”

But Mercy was at a stand, and that for a twofold reason:—

1. Her yearnings over Christiana. So she said within herself, If my neighbor needs be gone, I will go a little way with her.

2. Her yearnings over her own soul; for what Christiana had said had taken some hold upon her mind. Wherefore she said within herself again, I will yet have more talk with Christiana; and if I find truth and life in what



she shall say, I shall also go with her.

Wherefore Mercy began thus to reply to her neighbor Timorous :

“ Neighbor, I did indeed come with you to see Christiana this morning ; and, since she is taking her last farewell of the country, I think to walk this sunshiny morning a little with her to help her on her way,”

But she told her not of her second reason, but kept it to herself.

So Mrs. Timorous returned angry to her house, and Christiana betook herself to her journey.

But when Timorous was got home, she sends for some of her neighbors, to wit, Mrs. Bat's-Eyes

Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Light-mind, and Mrs. Know-Nothing. So when they were come to her house, she falls to telling of the story of Christiana, and of her intended journey.

These woman then said many unkind and unlovely things about Christiana and her resolve :—but such is the habit of the dwellers in the town of Destruction, when any of their number leave them and start on pilgrimage.

By this time Christiana and her children were gotten on their way, and Mercy went along: so as they went Christiana said, “Mercy, I take this as an unexpected favor, that thou shouldest accompany me a little in the way.”

Then said young Mercy, for she was but young, "If I thought it would be to purpose to go with you, I would never go near the town any more."

"Well, Mercy," said Christiana, "cast in thy lot with me. The King, who hath sent for me and my children, is one that delighteth in mercy. If thou wilt, I will hire thee, yet we will have all things in common; only go along with me.

*Mer.* "But how shall I be certain I shall be entertained? Had I this hope from one that can tell, I would go, being helped by Him that can help, though the way was never so tedious."

*Chr.* "I will tell thee what

thou shalt do : go with me to the Wicket-gate, and if there thou shalt not meet with encouragement, I will be content that thou again return.

*Mer.* "Then will I go thither, and will take what shall follow. The Lord grant that the King of heaven shall have his heart upon me."

Then was Christiana glad, not only that she had a companion, but that she had prevailed with this poor maid to fall in love with her own salvation. So they went on together, and Mercy began to weep.

Then said Christiana,  
"Wherefore weepeth my sister so?"

“Alas,” said she, “who can but lament, that thinks of the sad condition my relations are in, that remain in our sinful town? They have no instructor, nor any to tell them what is to come.”

*Chr.* “Pity becomes pilgrims ; and thou dost weep for thy friends as good Christian did for me. I hope, Mercy, that these tears of thine will not be lost.”

Then said Mercy,

“Let the most blessed be my guide,  
If it be his blessed will,  
Unto his gate, into his fold,  
Up to his holy hill.

And let him never suffer me  
To swerve, or turn aside  
From his free grace and holy ways,  
Whate'er shall me betide.

And let him gather them of mine  
That I have left behind ;  
Lord, make them pray they may be thine  
With all their heart and mind."

Now my old friend proceeded,  
and said, When Christiana and  
her sons came to the Slough of  
Despond, they made a stand. But  
Mercy said,

"Come let us venture ; only  
let us be wary."

Then they looked well to their  
steps, and made a shift to get  
staggering over. Yet Christiana  
had like to have been in, and that  
not once or twice.

Now they had no sooner got  
over, but they thought they heard  
words that said unto them,  
"Blessed is she that believeth ;

for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."

Then they went on again ; and Mercy said to Christiana,

" Had I as good ground to hope for a loving reception at the wicket-gate as you, I think no Slough of Despond would discourage me."

" Well," said the other, " you know your trouble, and I know mine, and, good friend, we shall all have enough evil before we come to our journey's end."

And now Mr. Sagacity left me to dream out my dream by myself.

Wherefore, methought I saw Christiana and Mercy, and the boys, go all of them up to the

gate. And Christiana, being the eldest, began to knock, and knock, and knocked again. But instead of any that answered, a great dog came barking upon them; and this made the women and children afraid; nor durst they for a while to knock any more, for fear the mastiff should fly upon them.

Now, therefore, they were greatly troubled, and knew not what to do. At last they resolved to knock again, and knocked more vehemently than at first.

Then said the keeper of the gate,  
“Who is there?”

So the dog left off to bark, and he opened unto them.



Then Christiana made low obeisance, and said,

“Let not our Lord be offended with his hand-maidens, for that we have knocked at his princely gate.”

Then said the keeper,

“Whence come ye? And what is it that you would have?”

Christiana answered,

“We are come from whence Christian did come, and upon the same errand. And I, my Lord, am Christiana, once the wife of Christian, that now is gotten above.”

With that the keeper of the gate did marvel, saying,

“What, is she now become a pilgrim, that but a while ago abhorred that life?”

Then she bowed her head, and said,

“Yea; and so are these my sweet babes also,”

Then he took her by the hand and led her in, and said also.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me;” and with that he shut to the gate.

This done, he called to a trumpeter that was above, over the gate to entertain Christiana with shouting, and the sound of trumpet, for joy. So he obeyed, and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes.

Now all this while poor Mercy did stand without, trembling. But when Christiana had got admittance for herself and her boys, then

she began to make intercession for Mercy.

And she said, "My Lord, I have a companion that stands without. She is much dejected for she comes as she thinks, without sending for, whereas I was sent for by my husband's King to come."

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, and she knocked at the gate so loud that she made Christiana start.

Then said the keeper of the gate,

"Who is there?"

And Christiana said,

"It is my friend."

So he opened the gate and looked out, but Mercy was fallen down without in a swoon.

Then he took her by the hand, and said,

“Damsel, I bid thee arise. Fear not, but stand upon thy feet, and tell me wherefore thou art come.”

*Mer.* “I am come for that unto which I was never invited, as my friend Christiana was. Wherefore I fear I presume with her. If there is grace and forgiveness of sins to spare, I beseech thy poor hand-maid may be a partaker thereof.”

Then he took her again by the hand, and led her gently in, and said, “I pray for all them that believe on me, by what means soever they come unto me.”

Then said he to those that stood by,

“Fetch something and give it

to Mercy to smell, thereby to stay her faintings ;” so they fetched her a bundle of myrrh, and a while after she was revived.

And now were Christiana and her boys, and Mercy, received of the Lord at the head of the way, and spoken kindly unto by him.

He also took them up to the top of the gate, and showed them by what deed they were saved ; and told them that that sight they would have again as they went along in the way, to their comfort.

So he left them a while in a summer parlor below, where they entered into some talk by themselves ; and thus Christiana began,

“O how glad am I that we are got in hither !”

*Mer.* "So you well may; but I of all, have cause to leap for joy."

They then told each other of the fears they had of being turned away from the gate before it was opened to them; and also how alarmed they were at the barking of the dog. Then Mercy said she would ask the good Keeper the next time he came down why he kept such a cur in his yard.

"Do so," said the children, "and persuade him to hang him; for we are afraid he will bite us when we go hence."

So at last he came down to them again, and Mercy fell to the ground on her face before him, and worshipped.

So he said unto her, "Peace be to thee; stand up."

But she continued upon her face, and said, "'Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee; yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments.' Wherefore dost thou keep so cruel a dog in thy yard, at the sight of which, women and children are ready to fly from thy gate for fear?"

He answered and said, "That dog has another owner; and is kept in another man's ground. My pilgrims hear only his barking; he belongs to the castle there at a distance, and has frightened many a pilgrim. Indeed, he that owneth him doth keep him to prevent pilgrims from coming to me. Some-

times he has broken out, and worried some that I loved; but I also give my pilgrims timely help, so that they are not delivered to his power. But, my purchased one, the beggars that go from door to door, will rather than lose a supposed alms, run the hazard of a dog; and shall a dog keep any from coming to me? I deliver them from the lions, and my darling from the power of the dog."

Then said Mercy,

"I confess my ignorance; I spoke what I understood not; I acknowledge that thou doest all things well."

Then Christiana began to talk of their journey, and to inquire after the way. So he fed them, and



washed their feet, and set them in the way, according as he had dealt with her husband before.

So I saw in my dream, that they walked on their way, and had the weather very comfortable to them.

Now there was on the other side of the wall that fenced in the way, a garden, that belonged to him who owned the dog. And some of the fruit-trees shot their branches over the wall. Christiana's boys, as boys are apt to do, being pleased with the fruit thereon, did pluck of them, and began to eat. Their mother did also chide them for so doing, but still the boys went on.

"Well," said she, "my sons, you transgress, for that fruit is

none of ours ;” but she did not know that it belonged to the enemy. I’ll warrant you, if she had, she would have been ready to die for fear. But that passed, and they went on their way.

Now, by that they were gone about two bow-shots from the place that led them into the way, they espied two very ill-favored ones coming down apace to meet them. With that, Christiana and Mercy covered themselves with their veils, and so kept on their journey : the children also went on before ; so that at last they met together.

Then these two ill-favored ones made as though they would embrace Christiana and Mercy.

They, filled with fear, shrieked out, Murder! Murder! The children also stood by crying.

Now they being not far from the gate their cry was heard: wherefore some of the house came out, and knowing that it was Christiana's voice, made haste to their relief. Then did the ruffians make their escape over the wall into the garden; so the dog became their protector. This Reliever then came up to the women, and asked them how they did.

So, after a few more words, he said as followeth:

“I marvelled much, when you were entertained at the gate, that you petitioned not the Lord for a conductor.”

“Alas,” said Christiana, “we were so taken with our present blessing, that dangers to come were forgotten by us. Shall we go back again to my Lord, and confess our folly, and ask one?”

“To go back again, you need not, for in every one of my Lord’s lodgings, there is sufficient to furnish pilgrims against all attempts whatsoever. But, as I said, ‘He will be inquired of by them, to do it for them.’”

When he had thus said, he went back to his place, and the pilgrims went on their way.

Then said Mercy,

“What a sudden blank is here ! I thought we had been past all danger.”

“Thy innocence, my sister,” said Christiana to Mercy, “may excuse thee; but my fault is so much the greater, for that I saw this danger before I came. I am much to be blamed.”

Then she told Mercy of her dream of the two ill-favored ones and said it should have taught her to take heed, and have provided when provision might have been had.

Thus as they talked away a little more time, they drew near to the house of the Interpreter; and when they came to the door, they heard, as they thought, Christiana mentioned by name; therefore they stood still for a while. At last Christiana knocked. Then

there came to the door a young damsel, who asked,

“With whom would you speak in this place?”

Christiana answered,

“We understand this is a privileged place for pilgrims, and we are such: wherefore we pray that we may be partakers of that for which we are come; the day, as thou seest, is very far spent, and we are loath to-night to go any further.”

*Dam.* “Pray, what may I call your name. that I may tell it to my Lord within?”

“My name is Christiana; I was the wife of that pilgrim that some years ago did travel this way, and these be his four children. This

maiden also is my companion, and is going on pilgrimage too."

Then Innocent, for that was her name, ran in, and said to those within,

"Can you think who is at the door? There is Christiana and her children, and her companion, all waiting for entertainment here."

Then they leaped for joy, and went and told their master.

So he came to the door, and looking upon her, he said,

"Art thou Christiana? whom Christian the good man left behind him when he betook himself to a pilgrim's life?"

*Chr.* "I am that woman that was so hard-hearted and these are

his four children; but now I also am come,"

*Inter.* "But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in."

So he took them all into the house.

Then were they bidden to sit down and rest. They of the house all smiled for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim. They looked well pleased upon the boys, and took them kindly by the hand and also behaved lovingly to Mercy.

After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into his Significant





The man with a muck-rake.



Rooms, and showed them what Christian, Christiana's husband had seen some time before.

This done, and after those things had been somewhat digested, the Interpreter takes them again into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake ; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.

Then said Christiana, "I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this ; for

this is the figure of a man of this world : is it not, good sir ?”

“Thou hast said right,” said he ; “and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. Straws and sticks and dust, with most, are the great things looked after.”

With that Christiana and Mercy wept, and said,

“It is, alas, too true.”

The Interpreter then showed them into the very best room in the house and bade them look round and see if they could find any thing profitable there.

Then they looked round and round ; for there was nothing to be seen but a very great spider on the wall, and that they overlooked.

Then said Mercy,

“Sir, I see nothing ;” but Christiana held her peace.

“But,” said the Interpreter, “look again.”

She therefore looked again, and said,

“Here is not any thing but an ugly spider, who hangs by the hands upon the wall.”

Then again said he,

“Is there but one spider in all this spacious room ?”

Then the water stood in Christiana’s eyes, for she was quick of apprehension ; and she said,

“Yea Lord, there are more here than one ; yea, and spiders whose venom is far more destructive than that which is in her.”

The Interpreter then looked pleasantly on her, and said,

“Thou hast said the truth.”

This made Mercy to blush, and the boys to cover their faces; for they all began now to understand the riddle.

Then said the Interpreter again,  
“ ‘The spider taketh hold with her hands,’ as you see, ‘and is in kings’ palaces.’ And wherefore is this recorded, but to show you that how full of the venom of sin soever you be, yet you may, by the hand of faith, lay hold of and dwell in the best room that belongs to the King’s house above ?”

He took them then into another room where were a hen and chickens, and bid them observe a while.

So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes towards heaven.

“See,” said he, “what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come by receiving them with looking up.”

Then said Christiana, “Pray, sir, let us see some more.”

So he led them into the slaughter-house, where was a butcher killing a sheep; and behold, the sheep was quiet, and took her death patiently.

Then said the Interpreter,

“You must learn of this sheep to suffer, and to put up with wrongs without murmurings and

complaints. Behold how quietly she takes her death, and without objecting, she suffereth her skin to be pulled over her ears. Your King doth call you his sheep."

After this he led them into his garden, where was a great variety of flowers ; and he said,

"Do you see all these?"

So Christiana said, "Yes."

Then said he again,

"Behold, the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, and color, and smell, and virtue ; and some are better than others ; also, where the gardener hath set them there they stand, and quarrel not one with another."

Again, he led them into his field which he had sown with



wheat and corn: but when they beheld, the tops of all were cut off, and only the straw remained.

He said again,

“This ground was dunged and ploughed and sown, but what shall we do with the crop?”

Then said Christiana,

“Burn some, and make muck of the rest.”

Then said the Interpreter again,

“Fruit, you see, is that thing you look for; beware that in this you condemn not yourselves.”

Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth.

So the Interpreter said, “Look here.”

So they looked, and Mercy wondered, but Christiana said,

“What a disparagement is it to such a pretty little bird as the robin-redbreast; I thought they lived upon crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter: I like him worse than I did.”

The Interpreter replied,

“This robin is an emblem, very like some professors; to sight they are, as he is, pretty of note, color, and carriage. But like him they catch and gobble up spiders, change their diet, drink iniquity, and swallow down sin like water.”

So, when they were come into the house, as supper was not yet ready, Christiana again desired

that the Interpreter would show or tell them some other things, to which he assented, and discoursed, profitably to them for some time.

When he had done, he took them out into his garden again, to a tree whose inside was all rotten and gone, and yet it grew and had leaves.

Then said Mercy,

“What means this?”

“This tree,” said he, “is like many that are in the garden of God; whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing.”

Now supper was ready: so they sat down, and did eat, when one had given thanks. And as the Interpreter did usually entertain

with music at meals, the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing, and a very fine voice he had.

When the song and music were ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that at first did move her to a pilgrim's life.

Christiana then told him all the Lord had done for her, and the trials she had met with, up to the present time. When she had finished he said kindly,

“Thy beginning is good; thy latter end shall greatly increase.”

So he addressed himself to Mercy, and said unto her,

“And what moved thee to come hither, sweet heart?”

Then Mercy blushed and trembled, and for a while continued silent.

Then said he, "Be not afraid; only believe, and speak thy mind."

So she began and said,

"Truly, sir, my want of experience makes me silent, and also fills me with fears of coming short at last. I cannot tell of visions and dreams, as my friend Christiana can; nor mourn for my refusing the counsel of those that were good relations."

*Inter.* "What is it, then, dear heart, that hath prevailed with thee to do as thou hast done?"

*Mer.* "Why, when our friend here was packing up to be gone, I and another went to see her.

She told us she was sent for to go to her husband ; and how she had seen him in a dream, dwelling among immortals, wearing a crown, and singing praises to his Prince, for bringing him thither. Now, while she was telling these things, my heart burned within me. And I thought, If this be true, I will leave my father and my mother, and the land of my nativity, and will go, if I may, along with Christiana. So I asked her further of the truth of these things, and came with her with a heavy heart for that so many of my relations were left behind. And I will go, if I may, with Christiana, unto her husband and his King."

*Inter.* “Thy setting out is good ; thou art as Ruth, who for the love she bare Naomi and the Lord her God, left father and mother, the land of her nativity, and her people. ‘The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.’ ”

Now supper was ended, and preparation made for bed ; Christiana and Mercy were laid singly alone, and the boys by themselves.

Now when Mercy was in bed, she could not sleep for joy, for now her doubts of missing at last were removed further from her than ever they were before. So

she lay blessing and praising God, who had such favor for her.

In the morning they arose with the sun, and prepared themselves for their departure ; but the Interpreter would have them tarry a while ; “For,” said he, “you must go orderly from hence.”

Then said he to the damsel Innocence, “Take them and lead them into the garden to the bath and there wash them and make them clean from the soil which they have gathered by travelling.”

Then Innocent took them into the garden, and brought them to the bath of Sanctification. Then they went in and washed ; and came out of that bath not only sweet and clean but also enliven-





Bath of Sanctification.



ed and strengthened. So when they came in they looked fairer a deal than when they went out to the washing.

Then the Interpreter took them and looked upon them, and said unto them, "Fair as the moon." So he called for a seal and when it was brought, set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the places whither they were yet to go. This seal also added to their beauty, and made their countenances more like those of angels.

Then said he to Innocence,

"Go into the vestry, and fetch out garments for these people."

So she went and fetched out white raiment, and laid it down before him; so he commanded

them to put it on: it was fine linen, white and clean.

When the women were thus adorned, they seemed to be a terror one to the other; for that they could not see that glory each one had in herself, which they could see in each other. Now therefore they began to esteem each other better than themselves. The children also stood amazed, to see into what fashion they were brought.

The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Great-Heart, and bade him take a sword and helmet, and shield; and, "Take these my daughters," said he, "conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next."

So he took his weapons, and went before them ; and the Interpreter said, God-speed. The family also sent them away with many a good wish. Thus they started again on their way, sometimes singing as they went.

So they went on until they came to the place where Christian's burden fell off his back. Here then they made a pause ; here also they blessed God.

"Now," said Christiana, " it comes to my mind that it was said to us at the gate, that we should have pardon by word and by deed. What the promise is, of that I know something ; but what it is to have pardon by deed, or in the way that it was obtained,

Mr. Great-Heart, I suppose you know ; wherefore if you please, let us hear your discourse thereon.

Then did Mr Great-heart open lovingly to them the glorious doctrine of justification by Christ, so that their hearts were stirred within them, with increased love to Him who had bought them with his precious blood.

Christiana at last broke out :—

“True, methinks it makes my heart bleed to think that He should bleed for me. Oh, thou loving One ; Oh, thou blessed One ! Thou deservest to have me : thou hast bought me. Thou deservest to have me all : thou hast paid for me ten thousand times more than I am worth.

Oh, Mercy, that thy father and mother were here ; yea, and Mrs. Timorous and Madam Wanton too. Surely, surely, their hearts would be affected ; nor could they refuse to become pilgrims.”

Now I saw in my dream, that they went on until they came to the place where Simple, Sloth and Presumption, lay asleep, when Christiana went by, and behold, they were hanged up in irons a little way off on the other side, for a caution to other bad men.

Then they went on till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty ; here Mr. Great-Heart took occasion to tell them what happened there when Christian went by. So he had them first to the spring.

Next he showed them the two by-ways at the foot of the hill, where Formality and Hypocrisy lost themselves. And, said he, these are dangerous paths, and although, you see, these ways are since stopped up with chains, posts, and a ditch, yet there are those that will choose to adventure here, rather than take the pains to go up this hill.

Then they set forward, and began to go up the hill. But before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant, and said, "I dare say this is a breathing hill; no marvel if they that love their ease more than their souls choose to themselves a smoother way."

Then said Mercy, "I must sit



down :'' also the least of the children began to cry.

''Come, come,'' said Great-heart, ''sit not down here ; for a little above is the Prince's arbor.''

Then he took the little boy by the hand, and led him up thereto.

When they were come to the arbor, they were very willing to sit down.

Then said Mercy,

''How sweet is rest to them that labor ; and how good is the Prince of pilgrims to provide such resting-places for them !''

Then said Mr. Great-Heart to the little ones,

''Come, my pretty boys, how do you do ? What think you now of going on pilgrimage ?''

“Sir,” said the least, “I was almost beat out of heart; but I thank you for lending me a hand at my need. And I remember now what my mother hath told me, namely, that the way to heaven is as a ladder, and the way to hell is as down a hill. But I had rather go up the ladder to life, than down the hill to death.”

Then said Mercy,

“But the proverb is, ‘To go down the hill is easy.’ ”

But James said, for that was his name, “The day is coming when, in my opinion, going down the hill will be the hardest of all.”

“’Tis a good boy,” said his master; “thou hast given her a right answer.”

Then Mercy smiled, but the little boy did blush.

“Come,” said Christiana, “will you eat a bit while you sit here to rest? for I have a piece of pomegranate which Mr. Interpreter put into my hand when I came out of his door; he give me also a piece of honey-comb, and a bottle of wine.” Then she gave to them, and they did eat, both Mercy and the boys.

And said Christiana to Mr. Great-Heart,

“Sir, will you do as we do?”

But he answered, “You are going on pilgrimage, and presently I shall return; much good may what you have do you: at home I eat the same every day.”

Now when they had eaten and drank, and talked a little longer, their guide said to them,

“The day wears away; if you think good, let us prepare to be going.” So they got up to go, and the little boys went before; but Christiana forgot her bottle, so she sent her little boy back to fetch it.

Then said Mercy,

“I think this is a losing place: here Christian lost his roll, and here Christiana her bottle. Sir, what is the cause of this?”

So their guide made answer,

“The cause is sleep, or forgetfulness. Pilgrims should watch, under their greatest enjoyments; but for want of doing so, often-

times their rejoicing ends in tears, and their sunshine in a cloud.”

When they come to the place where Mistrust and Timorous met Christian, to persuade him to go back for fear of the lions, they saw a stage erected, with verses written thereon, and underneath the verses the inscription:—“This stage was built to punish those upon, who, through timorousness or mistrust, shall be afraid to go further on pilgrimage. Also, on this stage both Mistrust and Timorous were burned through the tongue with a hot iron, for endeavoring to hinder Christian on his journey.”

Then said Mercy,

“This is much like to the say-

ing of the Beloved, 'What shall be given unto thee, or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper.' "

So they went on till they came within sight of the lions.

Now Mr. Great-Heart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion. But yet when they were come to where the lions were, the boys, that went before, were now glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid. At this their guide smiled, and said,

"How now, my boys, do you love to go before when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear?"



Giant-Grim and the lions.

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Now, as they went on, Mr. Great-Heart drew his sword, with intent to make a way for the pilgrims in spite of the lions.

Then there appeared one that it seems, had taken upon him to back the lions; and he said to the pilgrims' guide:—"What is the cause of your coming hither?"

Now the name of that man was Grim, or Bloody-man, because of his slaying of pilgrims; and he was of the race of the giants.

Then said the pilgrims' guide,

"These women and children are going on pilgrimage, and this is the way they must go; and go they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.

*Grim.* "This is not their way,

neither shall they go therein. I am come forth to withstand them, and to that end will back the lions."

Then he swore by the lions, and bid them turn aside, for they should not have passage there.

But Great-Heart made first his approach unto Grim, and laid so heavily on him with his sword that he forced him to retreat.

Then said he that attempted to back the lions, "Will you slay me upon my own ground?"

*Great.* "It is the King's highway that we are in; these women, and these children, though weak, shall hold on their way in spite of thy lions."

And with that he gave him

again a downright blow, and brought him upon his knees. With this blow also he broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off an arm. Then did the giant roar so hideously that his voice frightened the women, and yet they were glad to see him lie sprawling upon the ground.

Now the lions were chained, and so of themselves could do nothing. Wherefore, when old Grim, that intended to back them, was dead, Mr. Great-Heart said to the pilgrims, "Come now, and follow me, and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions."

They therefore went on, but the women trembled as they passed by them ; the boys also looked

as if they would die ; but they all got by without further hurt.

Now, they were within sight of the porter's lodge, and soon came up into it. So the guide knocked, and the porter cried, "Who is there?"

But as soon as the guide had said, "It is I," he knew his voice, and came down, for the guide had oft before that come thither as a conductor of pilgrims.

When he opened the gate and saw not the women, for they were behind, he said, "How now, Mr. Great-Heart, what is your business here so late at night?"

"I have brought," answered he, "some pilgrims hither, where, by my Lord's commandment, they

must lodge. I had been here some time ago, had I not been opposed by the giant that did use to back the lions. But I, after a long and tedious combat, have cut him off, and have brought the pilgrims hither in safety."

*Por.* "Will you not go in, and stay till morning?"

*Great.* "No, I will return to my Lord to-night."

*Chr.* "O, sir, I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage: you have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counselling of us, that I shall never forget your favor towards us."

Then said Mercy,

“O that we might have thy company to our journey’s end. How can such poor women as we hold out in a way so full of troubles as this way is, without a friend and defender?”

Then said James, the youngest of the boys,

“Pray, sir, be persuaded to go with us, and help us, because we are so weak, and the way is so dangerous.”

*Great.* “I am at my Lord’s commandment; if he shall allot me to be your guide quite through, I will willingly wait upon you. But here you failed at first; for when he bid me come thus far with you, then you should have

begged me of him to have gone quite through with you, and he would have granted your request. However, at present I must withdraw; and so, good Christiana, Mercy, and my brave children, adieu."

Then the porter, Mr. Watchful, asked Christiana of her country, and of her kindred. And when she had told him who she was, and, pointing to Mercy said, "This also is one of my townswomen and these children are the children of Christian my husband;"—he rang his bell, and there came to the door one of the damsels, whose name was Humble-Mind; and to her the porter said,

"Go tell it within, that Chris-

tiana, the wife of Christian, and her children, are come hither on pilgrimage."

She went in, therefore, and told it. But O, what noise for gladness was there within when the damsel did but drop that out of her mouth.

So they came with haste to the porter, for Christiana stood still at the door. Then some of the most grave said unto her,

"Come in, Christiana, come in, thou wife of that good man; come in, thou blessed woman, come in, with all that are with thee." So they went in.

Now they were led into a large room, where they were bidden to sit down; so they sat down, and



the chief of the house were called to see and welcome them.

Now, because it was somewhat late, and the pilgrims were weary, they desired, as soon as might be, to go to rest. Nay, said those of the family, refresh yourselves first with a morsel of meat. So when they had supped, and ended their prayer with a psalm, they desired they might go to to rest.

“But let us,” said Christiana, “if we may be so bold as to choose, be in that chamber that was my husband’s when he was here;” so they led them up thither, and they all lay in a room. When they were at rest, Christiana and Mercy entered into discourse.

*Chr.* “Little did I think once,

when my husband went on pilgrimage, that I should ever have followed him."

*Mer.* "And you as little thought of lying in his bed, and in his chamber to rest, as you do now."

*Chr.* "And much less did I ever think of seeing his face with comfort, and of worshipping the Lord and King with him; and yet now I believe I shall."

*Mer.* "Hark, don't you hear a noise?"

*Chr.* "Yes, it is, as I believe, a noise of music, for joy that we are here."

*Mer.* "Wonderful! Music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here." Thus they talked

a while, and then betook themselves to sleep.

So in the morning when they were awake, Christiana said to Mercy,

“What was the matter, that you did laugh in your sleep to-night? I suppose you were in a dream?”

*Mer.* “So I was and a sweet dream it was; but are you sure I laughed?”

*Chr.* “Yes, you laughed heartily; but prithee, Mercy, tell me thy dream.”

*Mer.* “I was dreaming that I sat all alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning the hardness of my heart. Now I had not sat there long but methought

many were gathering about me to see me, and to hear what it was that I said. So they hearkened, and I went on bemoaning the hardness of my heart. At this some of them laughed at me, some called me fool, and some began to thrust me about. With that methought I looked up and saw one coming with wings towards me. So he came directly to me, and said, Mercy, what aileth thee? Now when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, Peace be to thee; he also wiped my eyes with his handkerchief, and clad me in silver and gold. He put a chain about my neck, and earrings in my ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head. Then he

took me by the hand, and said, Mercy, come after me. So he went up, and I followed till we came to a golden gate. Then he knocked and when they within had opened the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which one sat; and he said to me, Welcome, daughter. The place looked bright and twinkling, like the stars, or rather like the sun, and I thought that I saw your husband there; so I awoke from my dream. But did I laugh?"

*Chr.* "Laugh! aye, and well you might, to see yourself so well."

*Mer.* "Well, I am glad of my dream; for I hope ere long to see it fulfilled, to the making me laugh again."

*Chr.* "I think it is now high time to rise and to know what we must do."

*Mer.* "Pray, if they invite us to stay a while, let us willingly accept of the proffer. I am the more willing to stay a while here to grow better acquainted with these maids : methinks Prudence Piety, and Charity, have very comely and sober countenances."

*Chr.* "We shall see what they will do."

So when they were up and ready, they came down, and they asked one another of their rest, and if it was comfortable or not.

"Very good," said Mercy ; "it was one of the best night's lodgings that ever I had in my life."

Then said Prudence and Piety,  
“If you will be persuaded to stay  
here a while, you shall have what  
the house will afford.”

“Aye, and that with very good  
will,” said Charity.

So they consented, and stayed  
there about a month or more,  
and became very profitable one to  
another. And because Prudence  
would see how Christiana had  
brought up her children, she  
asked leave of her to catechize  
them. So she gave her free con-  
sent. Then she began with the  
youngest, whose name was James.

The little fellow answered her  
questions so well that Prudence  
was much pleased, and com-  
mended Christiana for thus bring-

ing him up. She then catechized Joseph and Samuel, and ended with Matthew who was the eldest. After praising the boys she told them, still to hearken to their mother for she could teach them more, and to their great profit.

Now the pilgrims had been at this place a week, when Mercy had a visitor that pretended some good-will unto her, and his name was Mr. Brisk ; a man of some breeding, one that professed religion, but that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice, or more, to Mercy, and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore more alluring.

Her mind also was to be always





Prudence catechizing the children.



busying of herself in doing ; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon those that had need. And Mr. Brisk not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that he found her never idle. I will warrant her a good housewife, quoth he to himself.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her that he was a very busy young man, and one who pretended to religion, but was, as

they feared, a stranger to the power of that which is good.

“Nay then,” said Mercy, “I will look no more on him; for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.”

Prudence then replied, that there needed no matter of great discouragement to be given to him; her continuing so as she had begun to do for the poor would quickly cool his courage.

So the next time he comes he finds her at her old work, making things for the poor. Then said he,

“What always at it?”

“Yes,” said she, “either for myself or others.”

“And what canst thou earn a day?” said he.

“I do these things” said, she, “that I may be rich in good works laying up in store for myself a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life.”

“Why, prithee, what doest thou with them?” said he.

“Clothe the naked,” said she. With that his countenance fell.

So he forbore to come at her again. And when he was asked the reason why, he said,

“That Mercy was a pretty lass but troubled with strange notions.”

Now Matthew, the eldest son of Christiana, fell sick, and his sickness was sore upon him for he was much pained in his bowels.

There dwelt also not far from thence one Mr. Skill, an ancient and well approved physician. So Christiana desired it, and they sent for him, and he came. When he had entered the room, and had a little observed the boy, he concluded that he was sick of the gripes.

Then he said to his mother,

“What diet has Matthew of late fed upon?”

“Diet?” said Christiana, “nothing but what is wholesome.”

The physician answered,

“This boy has been tampering with something that lies in his stomach undigested. And I tell you he must be purged, or else he will die.”

Then said Samuel, "Mother, what was that which my brother did gather and eat as soon as we were come from the gate that is at the head of this way? You know there was an orchard on the left hand, and some of the trees hung over the wall, and my brother did pluck and eat."

"True, my child," said Christiana, "he did take thereof, naughty boy as he was. I chid him, and yet he would eat thereof."

"I knew he had eaten something that was not wholesome, and that food is the fruit of Beelzebub's orchard. I do marvel that none did warn you of it; many have died thereof."

Then Christiana began to cry;

and she said, "Oh, naughty boy ! and Oh, careless mother ! what shall I do for my son ?"

*Skill.* "Come, do not be dejected ; the boy may do well again, but he must purge and vomit."

*Chris.* "Pray, sir, try the utmost of your skill with him, whatever it costs."

*Skill.* "Nay, I hope I shall be reasonable."

So he made him a purge, but it was too weak : it was made of the blood of a goat, the ashes of a heifer, and some of the juice of hyssop. When Mr. Skill had seen that that purge was too weak he made one to the purpose. It was made *ex carne et sanguine Christi*, (of the flesh and blood of



Christ,) and was shaped into pills, with a promise or two, and a proportionable quantity of salt. He was to take them three at a time, fasting, in half a quarter of a pint of the tears of repentance.

When this potion was prepared, and brought to the boy, he was loath to take it.

"Come, come," said the physician, "you must take it."

"It goes against my stomach," said the boy.

"I must have you take it," said his mother.

"I shall vomit it up again," said the boy.

"Pray sir," said Christiana to Mr. Skill, "how does it taste?"

"It has no ill taste," said the

doctor ; and with that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue.

“Oh, Matthew,” said she, “this potion is sweeter than honey. If thou lovest thy mother, if thou lovest thy brothers. if thou lovest Mercy, if thou lovest thy life, take it.”

“So with much ado, after a short prayer, for the blessing of God upon it, he took it, and it wrought kindly with him. It caused him to purge ; it caused him to sleep, and to rest quietly ; it put him into a fine heat and breathing sweat, and did quite rid him of his gripes.

So in a little time he got up, and walked about with a staff,

and would go from room to room, and talk with Prudence, Piety, and Charity, of his distemper, and how he was healed.

Now about this time their month was out ; wherefore they signified to those of the house, that it was convenient for them to be up and going.

Then said Joseph to his mother, " It is proper that you forget not to send to the house of Mr. Interpreter, to pray him to grant that Mr. Great-Heart should be sent unto us, that he may be our conductor for the rest of the way."

" Good boy," said she, " I had almost forgot."

So she drew up a petition, and prayed Mr. Watchful the porter to

send it by some fit man to her good friend Mr. Interpreter; who when it was come, and he had seen the contents of the petition, said to the messenger, "Go, tell them that I will send him."

When the family where Christiana was, saw that they had a purpose to go forward, they called the whole house together, to give thanks to their King for sending of them such profitable guests as these. Which done, they said unto Christiana, "And shall we not show thee something, as our custom is to do to pilgrims, on which thou mayest meditate when thou art upon thy way?"

So they took Christiana, her children, and Mercy, into the

closet, and showed them some of the fruit that Eve ate of, and that she also did give to her husband, and that for the eating of which they were both turned out of Paradise, and asked her what she thought that was.

Then Christiana said, "It is a food or poison, I know not which." So they opened the matter to her, and she held up her hands and wondered.

Then they led her to a place, and showed her Jacob's ladder. Now at that time there were some angels ascending upon it. So Christiana looked and looked to see the angels go up: so did the rest of the company.

Then they were going into an-

other place, to show them something else ; but James said to his mother, Pray, bid them stay here a little longer, for this is a curious sight. So they turned again, and stood feeding their eyes with this so pleasant a prospect.

After this, they led them into a place where did hang up a golden anchor. So they bid Christiana take it down ; for, said they,

“ You shall have it with you, for it is of absolute necessity that you should, that you may lay hold of that within the veil, and stand steadfast in case you should meet with turbulent weather,” so they were glad therof.

Then they took them, and led them to the mount upon which

Abraham our father offered up Isaac his son, and showed them the altar, the wood, the fire, and the knife, for they remain to be seen to this very day.

When they had seen it, they held up their hands and said,

“Oh, what a man for love to his Master, and for denial to himself, was Abraham!”

After that Prudence took them into a dining-room, where stood a musical instrument. So she played upon it, and turned what she had showed them into an excellent song.

Now, about this time one knocked, and behold it was Mr. Great-Heart. On seeing him our pilgrims rejoiced, and gladly welcomed him.

Then said Mr. Great-Heart to Christiana and Mercy.

“My Lord has sent each of you a bottle of wine, and also some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates ; he has sent the boys some figs and raisins, to refresh you in your way.”

Then they addressed themselves to their journey, and Prudence and Piety went along with them. When they came to the gate, Christiana asked the porter if any of late had passed. He said,

“Only one, who told me that of late there had been a great robbery on the King’s highway as you go. But,” said he, “the thieves are taken, and will shortly be tried for their lives.”



Then Christiana and Mercy were afraid; but Matthew said,

“Mother, fear nothing, as long as Mr. Great-Heart is to go with us, and to be our conductor.”

Then said Christiana to the porter,

“Sir, I am obliged to you for the kindnesses you have showed to us since we came hither. I know not how to express our sense of your kindness; wherefore, pray, as a token of my respect to you, accept of this small mite.”

So she put a gold angel in his hand; and he made her a low obeisance, and said,

“Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head want no

ointment. Let Mercy live and not die, and let not her works be few." And to the boys he said, "Do you fly youthful lusts, and follow after godliness, so shall you put gladness into your mother's heart, and obtain praise of all that are sober-minded."

So they thanked the porter and departed.

Now I saw in my dream, that they went forward to the brow of the hill; where Piety, bethinking herself, cried out,

"Alas, I have forgot what I intended to bestow upon Christiana and her companions: I will go back and fetch it." So she ran and fetched it.

While she was gone, Christiana

thought she heard, in a grove a little off, a most curious melodious note, with words much like these,

“Through all my life thy favor is  
So frankly showed to me,  
That in thy house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.”

And listening still she thought she heard another answer it saying,

“For why? The Lord our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.”

So Christiana asked Prudence who it was that made these curious notes: “They are,” answered she, “our country birds: they

sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the spring, when the flowers appear, and the sun shines warm, and then you may hear them all day long. I often, go out to hear them ; and they make the woods and groves and solitary places desirable to be in."

By this time Piety was come again. So she said to Christiana,

"Look here, I have brought thee a scheme of those things thou hast seen at our house, upon which thou mayest look and call them again to remembrance."

Now they began to go down the hill into the valley of Humiliation. It was steep and the way slippery, but they were very careful ; so

they got down pretty well. When they were down Piety said to Christiana,

“This is the place where Christian, your husband, met with the foul fiend Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight. But be of good courage; as long as you have here Mr. Great-Heart to be your guide and conductor, we hope you will fare better.”

So when these two had committed the pilgrims unto the conduct of their guide, he went forward, and they went after.

Now Mr. Great-Heart as they went along discoursed to them especially of the valley of Humiliation and why it was that Christian was here so sore put to

it ; because of his slips before he came hither. He said also much in favor of this valley :—

“ Behold how green it is ; also how beautiful with lilies.”

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father’s sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance ; and as he sat by himself he sung.

“ Hark,” said Mr. Great-Heart, “ to what the shepherd’s boy saith.” So they hearkened, and he said,

“ He that is down, needs fear no fall ;  
He that is low, no pride :  
He that is humble, ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.



Shepherd boy in the Valley of Humiliation.





I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or much ;  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is,  
That go on pilgrimage ;  
Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
Is best from age to age."

Then said the guide,  
"Do you hear him? I will dare  
to say this boy lives a merrier  
life, and wears more of that herb  
called heart's-ease in his bosom,  
than he that is clad in silk and  
velvet,"

As they went on, Samuel said  
to Mr. Great-Heart,

"Sir, I perceive this valley is  
very large; can you tell where-  
abouts was the fight that my  
father had with Apollyon?"

*Great.* "Yes, at a place yonder before us, in a narrow passage, just beyond Forgetful Green. And indeed that place is the most dangerous place in all these parts. This is the place also where others have been hard put to it. But I persuade myself that to this day there remains there some monument to testify that such a battle was fought."

Then said Mercy,

"I think I am as well in this valley as I have been anywhere else in all our journey: the place methinks, suits with my spirit. I love to be where there is no rattling with coaches, nor rumbling with wheels. Methinks, here one may, without molestation, think

what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him."

"'Tis true," said their guide ;  
"I have often gone through this valley and never was better than when here. I have also been a conductor to several pilgrims, and they have confessed the same."

Now they were come to the place where the aforementioned battle was fought. Then said the guide to Christiana, her children, and Mercy,

"This is the place ; on this ground Christian stood, and up there came Apollyon against him. And lo, as I thought, yonder stands a monument, on which is engraven this battle, and Chris-

tian's victory, to his fame throughout all ages."

So they stopped a while to look upon it and read the account written thereon.

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death. But these women and children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr. Great-Heart was their conductor.

When they were entered upon this valley, they thought they heard a groaning, as of some in torment. These things made the boys to quake; the women also looked pale and wan; but their guide bade them be of good comfort.

So they went on a little further, and thought they felt the ground shake under them; they heard also a kind of hissing, as of serpents. Then said the boys,

“Are we not at the end of this doleful place?”

But the guide bade them be of good courage, and look well to their feet; lest haply, said he, you be taken in some snare.

Now James became sick through fear; so his mother gave him some wine, and three pills Mr. Skill had prepared, so he began to revive. Thus they went on till they came to about the middle of the valley; and then Christiana said,

“Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us,

a thing of a shape such as I have not seen."

Then said Joseph, "Mother, what is it?"

"An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing," said she.

"But, mother, what is it like?" said he.

"'Tis like I cannot tell what," said she; "and now it is but a little way off."

Then said she,

"It is nigh."

"Well," said Mr. Great-Heart, "let them that are most afraid keep close to me." So the fiend came on, and the conductor met it; but when it was just come to him, it vanished to all their sights. Then remembered they what had

been said some time ago, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

They went on therefore a little refreshed, but had not gone far, before Mercy, looking behind her, saw, as she thought, something most like a lion, and it came at a great paddling pace after: and it had a hollow voice of roaring; and at every roar it gave, it made the valley echo, and their hearts to ache, save the heart of him that was their guide. So it came up, and Mr. Great-Heart went behind, and put the pilgrims all before him. The lion also came on apace, and Mr. Great-Heart addressed himself to give him battle. But when the foe saw that it was

determined that resistance should be made, he also drew back, and came no further.

Then they went on again, and their conductor went before them, till they came to a place where was cast a pit the whole breadth of the way ; and before they could be prepared to go over that, a great mist and a darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see. Then said the pilgrims,

“Alas, what now shall we do?”

But their guide made answer,

“Fear not ; stand still, and see what an end will be put to this also ;” so they stayed there, because their path was marred. They then also thought that they did hear more evidently the





In the Valley of the Shadow of Death.



noise and rushing of the enemies ; the fire also and smoke of the pit was much easier to be discerned.

Then said Christiana to Mercy,  
“ Now I see what my poor husband went through. I have heard much of this place, but I never was here before ; none can tell what the valley of the Shadow of Death means until they come into it themselves. The heart knoweth its own bitterness ; and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy. To be here is a fearful thing.”

Then said Mr. Great-Heart,  
“ Come, let us pray for light to Him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke not only these, but all the Satans in hell.”

So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance. Yet they were not got through the valley. So they went on still, through loathsome ways, to their great annoyance.

Then said Mercy to Christiana,

“It is not so pleasant being here as at the gate, or at the Interpreter’s, or at the house where we lay last.”

“O but,” said one of the boys, “it is not so bad to go through here, as it is to abide here always ; and for aught I know, one reason why we must go this way to the house prepared for us is, that our home might be made the sweeter to us.”

“Well said, Samuel,” quoth

the guide; "thou hast now spoke like a man."

"Why, if ever I get out here again," said the boy, "I think I shall prize light and good way better than I ever did in all my life."

Then said the guide,

"We shall be out by-and-by."

So they looked to their feet, and went on; but they were troubled much with the snares. Now, when they were come among the snares, they espied a man cast into the ditch on the left hand, with his flesh all rent and torn.

Then said the guide,

"That is one Heedless, that was going this way: he has lain there a great while. There was

one Take-Heed with him when he was taken and slain, but he escaped their hands."

Now they drew towards the end of this way; and just there where Christian had seen the cave when he went by, out thence came forth Maul, a giant. This Maul did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry; and he called Great-Heart by name, and said unto him, "How many times have you been forbidden to do these things?"

Then said Mr. Great-Heart,

"What things?" "What things!" quoth the giant; "you know what things: but I will put an end to your trade."

"But pray," said Mr. Great-Heart, "before we fall to it, let us

understand wherefore we must fight." Now the women and children stood trembling, and knew not what to do.

Then did the giant further abuse Mr. Great Heart and his Master ; at last he came at him with his club. So they fell to it, and at the first blow the giant struck Mr. Great-Heart down upon one of his knees. With that the women and children cried out. But Mr. Great-Heart recovering himself, gave the giant a wound in his arm. Thus they fought for an hour, and the breath came out of the giant's nostrils as heat out of a boiling caldron.

Then they sat down ; but Mr. Great-Heart betook himself to

prayer. Also the women and children did nothing but sigh and cry all the time that the battle did last.

When they had rested, they both fell to it again. At last after a hard fight the giant began to faint, and could hold up his club no longer.

Then Mr. Great-Heart smote his head from his shoulders.

At this the women and children rejoiced, and Mr. Great-Heart also praised God for their deliverance.

They then amongst them erected a pillar, and fastened the giant's head thereon, and wrote under it, in letters that passengers might read, an account of the fight and victory.





Mr. Great-Heart and the Pilgrims.



Now I saw that they went on to the ascent from whence Christian had the first sight of Faithful ; here they sat down and rested. They also did eat and drink, and rejoiced.

They then fell into discourse about the fight and of the wonderful love of God in preserving them and bringing them thus far on their way. After which they got up and went forward.

Now a little before them stood an oak ; and under it, they found an old pilgrim fast asleep. They knew he was a pilgrim by his clothes, and his staff, and his girdle.

So Mr. Great-Heart, awaked him, and said,

“ My name is Great-Heart : I

am the guide of these pilgrims that are going to the Celestial country. Pray let me crave your name, and the name of the place you came from."

"My name," said he "I cannot tell you, but I came from the town of Stupidity: it lieth about four degrees beyond the city of Destruction."

*Great.* "Oh, are you that countryman? Then I deem I have half a guess of you; your name is Old Honesty, is it not?"

So the old gentleman blushed, and said, "Not honesty in the abstract, but Honest is my name; and I wish that my nature may agree to what I am called."

Then the old gentleman saluted

all the pilgrims, and asked them their names, and how they had fared since they set out on their pilgrimage.

But you can scarcely think how the old gentleman was taken when Christiana told him who she was. He skipped, he smiled, he blessed her and the children with a thousand good wishes.

Then they told him of Mercy, and how she had left her town and her kindred to come along with Christiana. At that the old honest man said,

“Mercy is thy name : by mercy shalt thou be sustained and carried through all difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt look the Fountain of

mercy in the face with comfort."

All this while the guide, Mr. Great-Heart, was very well pleased and smiled upon his companions.

Now, as they walked along together, the guide asked the old gentleman if he did not know one Mr. Fearing, that came on pilgrimage out of his parts.

So their talk for some time was about this true but faint-hearted pilgrim and his troublesome pilgrimage. Mr. Great-Heart drawing lessons therefrom of profit for those who were under his care, and were now listening to his words.

Now I saw that they still went on in their talk. For after Mr.

Great-Heart had made an end with Mr. Fearing, Mr. Honest began to tell them of another, Mr. Self-will, a very different sort of a man indeed.

As they were thus talking on their way, there came one running to meet them, and said,

“Gentleman, and you of the weaker sort, if you love life, shift for yourselves, for the robbers are before you.”

Then said Mr. Great-Heart,

“They are the three that set upon Little-Faith heretofore. We are ready for them :” so they went on their way.

Now they looked at every turning for the villains; but they came not up to the pilgrims.

Christiana then wished for an inn to refresh herself and her children, because they were weary.

Then said Mr. Honest,

“There is one a little before us, where a very honorable disciple, one Gaius, dwells.”

So they all concluded to turn in thither.

When they came to the door they went in, not knocking, for folks use not to knock at the door of an inn. Then they asked if they might lie there that night.

*Gaius.* “Yes, gentlemen, if you be true men ; for my house is for none but pilgrims.”

Then were Christiana, Mercy, and the boys glad, that the inn-keeper was a lover of pilgrims.



Then said Mr. Great-Heart,

“Good Gaius, what hast thou for supper?”

“It is late,” said Gaius, “so we cannot conveniently go out to seek food; but to such as we have you shall be welcome,”

*Great.* “We will be content with what thou hast; thou art never destitute of that which is convenient.”

Then he went down and spoke to the cook, whose name was Taste-that-which-is-good, to get ready supper for so many pilgrims. This done, he comes up again, saying,

“Good friends, you are welcome and while supper is making ready, let us entertain one another

with some good discourse:" so they all said "Content."

Then Gaius was told who Christiana and her children, and Mercy were ;—and he had words of kind welcome for them all.

He then told them many things of Christian's ancestors, whose names were on record, and of their valiant doings. He advised Christiana about her boys, and told her to take Mercy into a nearer relation to her. "If she will" said he, "let her be given as wife to Matthew thy eldest son."

So in process of time they were married: but more of that hereafter.

Now the cook sent up to signify that supper was almost ready, and

sent one to lay the cloth, and the trenchers, and to set the salt and bread in order.

So supper came up.

Then were they full of thankful joy, and sat at the table a long time talking. And in their conversation were mingled many thoughts of wisdom culled from the word of God.

At last Samuel whispered to Christiana, his mother,

“Mother, this is a very good man’s house: let us stay here a while, and let my brother Matthew be married here to Mercy,”

The which Gaius their host overhearing, said, “With a very good will, my child.”

So they stayed there more than a

month, and Mercy was given to Matthew to wife.

While they stayed here, Mercy, as her custom was, made coats and garments for the poor, by which she brought a very good report upon the pilgrims.

But to return to our story. After supper the lads desired a bed, for they were weary. But the elder ones sat up all night; for they could not tell how to part. After much talk of their Lord, themselves, and their journey, they spoke of the experience of other pilgrims. Thus they sat talking till break of day.

Now when the family were up, Christiana bid her son James that he should read a chapter; so he

read the 53d of Isaiah. When he had finished they had some pleasant talk thereupon, such as pilgrims delight in ; after which Gaius said, " Now that you are here, and Mr. Great-Heart is good at his weapons, after we have refreshed ourselves, we will walk into the fields, to see if we can do any good. About a mile from hence there is one Slay-good, a giant, that doth much harm ; and I know whereabout his haunt is."

So they consented and went ; Mr. Great-Heart with his sword, helmet, and shield ; and the rest with spears and staves.

When they came to the place, they found the giant with one Feeble-mind in his hand, whom

his servants had brought in. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose after that to pick his bones.

So soon as he saw Mr. Great-Heart and his friends at the mouth of his cave, he demanded what they wanted.

*Great.* "We want thee; wherefore come out of thy cave."

So he armed himself and came out, and to battle they went, and fought above an hour, and then stood still to rest.

Then said the giant, "Why are you here on my ground?"

*Great.* "To revenge the blood of pilgrims, as you well know."

So they went at it again, and the giant made Mr. Great-Heart

give back ; but he came up again, and let fly with such stoutness at the giant's head and sides, that he made him let his weapon fall out of his hand. So he slew him, and cut off his head and brought it away to the inn.

He also took Feeble-mind the pilgrim, and brought him with him. When they were come home, they showed the giant's head to the family, and set it up, for a terror to those that should attempt to do as he had done.

Then they asked Mr. Feeble-mind how he fell into his hands.

Then said the poor man,

“I am sickly and a man of no strength of body, nor mind, but would, though I but crawl,

spend my life in the pilgrim's way. I have found much relief from pilgrims, though none were willing to go so softly as I am forced to do. When I was come on my way as far as Assault-lane, the giant Slay-good met me and forced me into his den. But I have as you see, escaped with life, for which I thank my King as the author, and you as the means. My way is before me, my mind is beyond the river that has no bridge, though I am as you see, but of a feeble mind."

After further talk Gaius said to him,

"Come, sir, be of good cheer; you are welcome to my house; call freely for what thou wantest; and



what thou wouldst have my servants do for thee they will do with a ready mind."

Then said Mr. Feeble-mind, gratefully, "This is an unexpected favor, as the sun shining out of a very dark cloud. Did giant Slay-good intend me this favor when he stopped me, that after he had rifled my pockets, I should go to Gains mine host? Yet so it is."

Now while they were thus in talk, there came one running, and said, that about a mile and a half off one Mr. Not-right, a pilgrim, was struck dead with a thunder-bolt.

"Alas," said Mr. Feeble-mind, "is he slain? He was with me when the giant took me, but he

escaped it seems to die, and I was taken to live."

Now about the time Matthew and Mercy were married, Gaius gave his daughter Phebe to James, Matthew's brother, to wife; after which time they yet stayed about ten days at Gaius's house.

When they were to depart, Gaius made them a feast, and they did eat and drink, and were merry.

Now the hour was come that they must be gone, and Mr. Great-Heart called for a reckoning. But Gaius told him, at his house it was not the custom for pilgrims to pay for their entertainment. He looked for his pay from the good Samaritan.

Then said Mr. Great-Heart to him,

“Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren, and thou shalt do well.”

Then Gaius took his leave of them all.

Now Mr. Feeble-mind made as if he intended to linger, which, when Mr. Great-Heart espied, he said,

“Come, Mr. Feeble-mind, pray do come along with us : I will be your conductor, and you shall fare as the rest.”

After some hesitation, for fear he should be a hindrance to the others on their way, Mr. Feeble-mind accepted this kind invitation, and made ready to start with them.

Now, all this while they were at Gaius's door ; and behold, Mr. Ready-to-halt came by, with his crutches in his hand, and he also was going on pilgrimage.

Then said Mr. Feeble-mind to him, "Welcome, welcome, good Mr. Ready-to-halt; I hope thou and I may be some help to one another."

"I shall be glad of thy company," said the other; "and, good Mr. Feeble-mind, rather than we will part, since we are thus happily met, I will lend thee one of my crutches."

Thus, therefore, they went on. Mr. Great-Heart and Mr. Honest went before, Christiana and her children next, and Mr. Feeble-

mind came behind, with Mr. Ready-to-halt on his crutches.

Thus they went on, their guide and they talking of things profitable, until they came to the place where Evangelist met Christian and Faithful, and told them what should befall them at Vanity Fair. This brought to their minds what was there suffered by them, and how they were sustained in their severe trials.

Now they came within sight of the town of Vanity. So they consulted with one another how they should pass through it; and some said one thing and some another.

At last Mr. Great-Heart said,  
“I have often been a conductor of pilgrims through this town.

Now, I am acquainted with one Mr. Mnason, a native of Cyprus, an old disciple, at whose house we may lodge. If you think good, we will turn in there."

At this they all said, "Content."

Now it was evening by the time they got to the outside of the town; but Mr. Great-Heart knew the way to the old man's house. So thither they came; and he called at the door, and the old man within knew his tongue as soon as ever he heard it; so he opened the door, and they all came in.

Then said Mnason their host,  
"How far have ye come to-day?"

So they said,

"From the house of Gaius our friend."

"I promise you," said he, "you have gone a good stretch. You may well be weary; sit down." So they sat down.

"I also," said Mr. Mnason, "do bid you welcome; and whatever you want, do but say, and we will do what we can to get it for you."

So he led them to their respective lodging-places, and also showed them a very fair dining-room, where when they were seated, Mr. Honest asked his landlord if there was any store of good people in the town.

*Mnas.* "We have but a few, compared with the other side."

*Hon.* "But shall we not see some of them?"

Then Mr. Mnason stamped with his foot, and his daughter Grace came up. So he said unto her,

"Grace, go you, tell my friends, Mr. Contrite, Mr. Holy-man, Mr. Love-saints, Mr. Dare-not-lie, and Mr. Penitent, that I have friends at my house who have a mind this evening to see them."

So Grace went to call them, and after salutation made, they all sat down together at the table.

They had much pleasant talk together, and were rejoiced to find Christiana, wife of Christian, the famous pilgrim, and her children with her, on their way to Mount Zion.



Here the pilgrims heard of the present state of the town ; that persecution was not so hot at Vanity Fair as formerly ; and that, indeed, in some parts of it, for the town is very large, religion is counted honorable.

Mr. Great-Heart also related what had befallen his company since they started on pilgrimage, and how they had gradually united themselves under his guidance.

Thus they sat talking and spending the time until supper was set upon the table, unto which they went and refreshed their weary bodies : and then they went to rest.

Now they stayed in the Fair a

great while, at the house of Mr. Mnason, who in process of time gave his daughter Grace unto Samuel, Christiana's son, to wife, and his daughter Martha to Joseph.

The pilgrims grew acquainted with many of the good people of the town, and did them what service they could, and Mercy, as she was wont, labored much for the poor.

While they stayed here, there came a monster out of the wood, and slew many of the town. It would also carry away children, and teach them to suck its whelps.

Now Mr. Great-Heart, with those who came to visit the pilgrims at

Mr. Mnason's house, entered into a covenant to go and engage this beast, if perhaps they might deliver the people from him.

So they went forth with their weapons, to meet him. At first he was very rampant, and looked upon them with disdain; but they so belabored him, that they made him make a retreat: so they came home again to Mr. Mnason's house.

This therefore, made Mr. Great-Heart and his fellows of great fame, and so on this account it was that the pilgrims got not much hurt here.

Well, the time grew on that the pilgrims must go on their way, therefore they got ready.

So Mr. Great-Heart went before ; the women and children, (for the family had increased during their stay in the town,) being weakly, were forced to go as they could ; thus Mr. Ready-to-halt and Mr. Feeble-mind had more to sympathize with their condition.

So on they came to the place where Faithful was put to death. There they made a stand, and thanked Him that had enabled him to bear his cross so well.

They went on therefore, after this, a good way further, talking of Christian and Faithful, and how Hopeful joined himself to Christian after that Faithful was dead.

Now they were come to the hill Lucre where the silver mine was,

which took Demas off from his pilgrimage, and into which, as some think, By-ends fell; so they considered that. But when they were come to the old monument, to wit, to the pillar of salt, that stood also within view of Sodom and its sulphurous lake, they marvelled, as did Christian before, that men should be so blinded as to turn aside here.

I saw now, that they went on till they came to the river that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains; where the meadows are green all the year long, and where also they might lie down safely.

By this river in the meadows, there were cotes and folds for

sheep, a house built for the nourishing and bringing up of lambs, the babes of those women that go on pilgrimage. Also there was here one that was intrusted with them.

Now, to the care of this man Christiana admonished her four daughters to commit their little ones, that by these waters they might be housed, harbored, succored, and nourished.

Then they went on to By-path meadow, to the stile over which Christian went with his fellow Hopeful, when they were taken by Giant Despair. Here they sat down, and consulted what was best to be done.

After much talking, and because

Mr. Great-Heart advised it, they resolved as they were strong to go and fight Giant Despair and destroy him if they could.

So they left the women in the road with Mr. Feeble-mind, and Mr. Ready-to-halt, to be their guard until they came back.

Then Mr. Great-Heart, old Honest, and the four young men, went up to Doubting Castle. When they came to the castle gate they knocked with unusual noise. At that the old giant comes down with Diffidence his wife. Then said he,

“Who is it that is come to molest Giant Despair?”

Mr. Great-Heart replied,

“It is I, Great-Heart, one of the

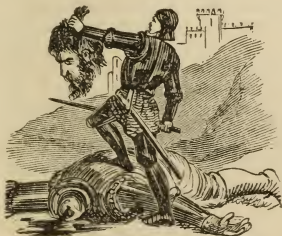
King's conductors of pilgrims ; and I demand that thou open thy gates for my entrance : prepare thyself also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head, and to demolish Doubting Castle."

Now Giant Despair thought no man could overcome him. So he harnessed himself, and went out. He had a cap of steel, a breastplate of fire, and iron shoes, with a great club in his hand.

Then these six men made up to him, and beset him before and behind : also when Diffidence the giantess came up to help him, old Mr. Honest cut her down at one blow.

Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought





Giant Despair slain.



down to the ground; but Great-Heart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shoulders.

Then they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle, and were seven days in destroying of it.

In it they found one Mr Despondency, a pilgrim, almost starved to death, and his daughter Much-afraid. These two they saved alive. Many dead bodies lay here and there in the castle-yard, and the dungeon was full of dead men's bones.

So they took the head of the giant, and returned to their companions bringing along with them Mr. Despondency and his daughter. Now, when Feeble-mind and

Ready-to-halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they with the rest, were very jocund and merry.

As for Mr. Despondency, he was for feeding, for he was almost starved. So Christiana gave him of her bottle, and then prepared him something to eat; and in a little time he began to be revived.

Now Mr. Great-Heart took the head of Giant Despair, and set it upon a pole by the highway-side, over against the pillar that Christian erected for a caution to pilgrims to take heed of entering into his grounds.

Then they went forward, and went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains.

Now the shepherds seeing so great a train follow Mr. Great-Heart, for with him they were well acquainted, said unto him,

“Good sir, you have got a goodly company here. You are welcome to us ; for we have food for the feeble, as well as for the strong.”

So they led them to the palace door, and then said unto them,

“Come in, Mr. Feeble-mind ; come in, Mr. Ready-to-halt ; come in, Mr. Despondency, and Mrs. Much-afraid his daughter ;”—and to the others also welcome was again given.

So the feeble and weak went in, and Mr. Great-Heart and the rest did follow, and they made them a

feast of things that were pleasant and nourishing ; after which they went to rest.

When morning was come, and they had refreshed themselves, the shepherds took them out into the fields, and showed them first what they had shown to Christian.

Then they led them to some new places. The first was Mount Marvel, where they saw a man at a distance that tumbled the hills about with words. The shepherds told them, "That man was the son of one Mr. Great-grace, and he is set there to teach pilgrims how to believe down, or to tumble out of their ways, by faith, difficulties they should meet with, below."

Then they led them to Mount Innocence. Here they saw a man in white; and two men, Prejudice and Ill-will, continually casting dirt upon him. But the dirt would fall off again.

Then said the shepherds,

“This is Godly-man, and his garment is to show the innocency of his life. You see the dirt will not stick upon his clothes, so it shall be with him that liveth innocently in the world.”

Then they took them to Mount Charity, where was a man with a bundle of cloth before him, out of which he cut garments for the poor; yet his bundle was never the less.

“This is,” said they, “to show

that he who has a heart to give of his labor to the poor, shall never want the means."

They then led them where they saw one Fool, and one Want-wit, washing an Ethiopian, but the more they washed the blacker he was.

So they told them,

"Thus it is with the vile person; to get such a one a good name, shall in conclusion tend but to make him more abominable."

Then said Mercy to Christiana,

"Mother, I would, if it might be, see the hole in the hill, called the By-way to hell." So her mother broke her mind to the shepherds.



Then they went to the door, and bid Mercy hearken a while.

So she hearkened, and heard great lamentations, with cursing and groaning. Then there was as if the very earth groaned and quaked for fear, so she looked white, and came trembling away.

When the shepherds had shown them all these things, they took them back to the palace, and there entertained them.

Now Mercy longed for a looking-glass that she saw there. This glass was one of a thousand. It would present a man, one way, with his own features; and turn it but another way, and it would show one the very face and similitude of the Prince of pilgrims.

Some have said they have seen the very crown of thorns upon His head by looking in that glass ; also the holes in his hands, his feet, and his side.

Christiana therefore went to the shepherds, and said, " There is one of my daughters that doth long for something she hath seen in this house."

Then said one of them, whose name was Experience,

" Call her, call her ; she shall assuredly have what we can help her to."

So they called her, and said,

" Mercy, what is it that thou wouldst have ?"

Then she blushed, and said,

" The great glass that hangs in

the dining-room. So it was given her.

Then she bowed her head, and gave thanks.

'They also gave to the others such things as they desired. About Christiana's neck they put a bracelet, and also about the necks of her four daughters. They put earrings in their ears, and jewels on their foreheads.

When they were minded to go hence, the shepherds bade them go in peace, and they went on their way, grateful, and often singing as they travelled on.

They quickly came to the place where Christian met with Turn-away, and soon after to the place where Little-Faith was robbed.

Here stood a man with his sword drawn, and his face all covered with blood.

Then said Mr. Great-Heart,  
“Who art thou?”

The man made answer, saying,  
“I am one Valiant-for-truth. I am a pilgrim, and am going to the Celestial City. As I was in my way, three men did beset me, named Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic. So we fell to it, for three hours. They have left upon me some marks of their valor, and have carried with them some of mine. They are but just now gone.”

Then said the guide,  
“Why did you not cry for succor?”

*Valiant.* "So I did to my King, who could hear me, and afford invisible help."

Then after further talk, Mr. Great-Heart said,

"Thou hast done well; thou hast resisted unto blood. Abide by us, come in, and go with us; for we are thy companions."

Then they washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had, to refresh him: and so they went on together.

Now, as they went on, Mr. Great-Heart, for the pilgrims' profit, questioned with him about many things.

By this time they were got to the Enchanted Ground. This place was all grown over with

briers and thorns, excepting where was an enchanted arbor, in which if a man sleeps, it is a question some say, whether ever he shall rise or wake again in this world.

Over this forest, therefore, they went. Mr. Great-Heart went before; and Mr. Valiant-for-truth came behind, being rear-guard; each man with his sword drawn in his hand. Also they cheered up one another as well as they could

Now they had not gone far, but a great mist and darkness fell upon them. Wherefore they were forced to feel one for another by words; for they walked not by sight. The way also here was very wearisome, through dirt and slabbiness.

Then they came to an arbor, promising much refreshing to the pilgrims. It had in it a soft couch ; but there was not one of them that made so much as a motion to stop.

I saw then in my dream, that they went on till they came to a place where a man is apt to lose his way. But their guide had in his pocket a map of all the ways leading to or from the Celestial City ; wherefore he struck a light and took a view of his book or map. And had he not been careful here to do so, they had all, in probability, been smothered ; for a little before them, was a pit, no one knows how deep, full of mud.

Then they went on till they

came to where there was another arbor, and there lay two men, whose names were Heedless and Too-bold, fast asleep.

So they called each by name, for the guide it seems, did know them; but there was no answer. The guide also did shake them, but could not arouse them from their fatal slumber.

Then the pilgrims, affrighted at their sad fate, desired with trembling to go forward; only they prayed their guide to strike a light. So they went by the help of that the rest of the way.

Now when they were almost at the end, they saw, as they thought, a man upon his knees, speaking earnestly to One that



was above. When he had done, he got up, and began to run towards the Celestial City.

Then Mr. Great-Heart called after him, saying,

“Soho, friend, let us have your company, if you are going to the Celestial City.”

So he stopped, and as soon as Mr. Honest saw him, he said, “I know this man. His name is Standfast, a right good pilgrim.”

As they came up Standfast said to old Honest,

“Ho, father Honest, are you there? Right glad am I, to find you on this road.”

“And as glad am I,” said the other; “I saw you on your knees.” Then Mr. Standfast blushed.

After further talk, Standfast told them that as he was coming along and musing, there was one in very pleasant attire, but old, who presented herself to him and sorely tempted him. Her name was Madam Bubble. She made offers again and again, and though repulsed still followed him.

“Then,” said he, “I betook me, as you saw, to my knees, and prayed to Him that had said he would help. So, just as you came up, she went her way.”

So their talk fell upon Madam Bubble and the mischiefs which she has brought about in the world. Mr. Great-Heart depicted her in her true colors, and at his discourse there was among the

pilgrims a mixture of joy and trembling.

After this, I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah. Here they betook themselves a while to rest. But a little while soon refreshed them; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets so sound, that they could not sleep, yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept ever so soundly.

In this place the children would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them. Here also grew camphire, with spike-nard and all sweet spices. With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed.

Now a post came from the Celestial City to Christiana, bidding her within ten days to cross the river. So she sent for Mr. Great-Heart and told him about it.

Then she called for her children and gave them her blessing, and bequeathed to the poor the little she had. She also sent for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Mr. Honest, and the other companions of her pilgrimage, and gave them parting words of sweet counsel.

Now the day came that she must be gone. So the road was full of people. But behold all the banks beyond the river were full of horses come down from above to go with her to the City gate. So she went over.

A while after a post came for old Mr. Honest. His last words were, "Grace reigns!" So he left the world.

After this Mr. Valiant-for-truth was summoned. So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then a note came for Mr. Ready-to-halt, and he went over. His last words were "Welcome life."

After this Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings to go. So he entered the river, and his last words were, "Hold out, faith and patience!"

When many days had passed, Mr. Despondency was sent for; and his daughter when she heard the message, said she would go with him. So they went down

into the water together. His last words were, "Farewell, night; welcome day!" His daughter went through the river singing, but none understood what she said.

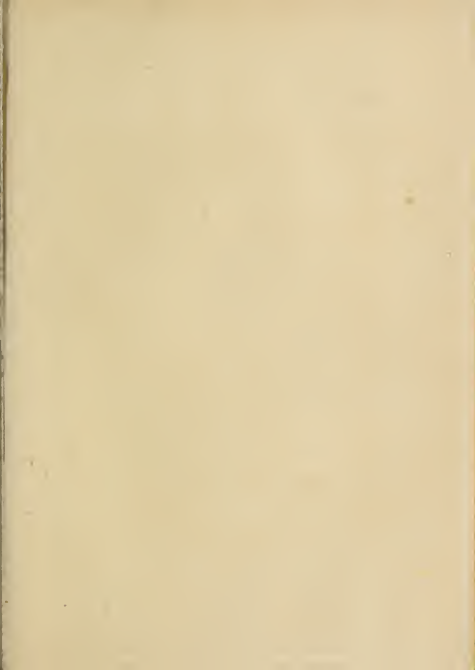
Then was Mr. Stand-fast sent for, so he went down into the water praising his Lord and King, until he ceased to be seen of them who stood by him.

As for Christiana's children, with their wives and children, I did not stay till they went over.

Should it be my lot to go that way again, I may give those that desire it an account of what I here am silent about: meantime I bid my reader

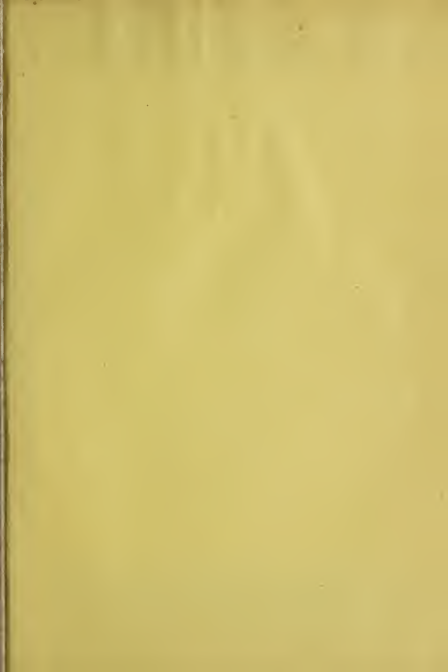
FAREWELL.

THE END.





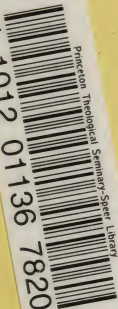




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